

## ...Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the readers and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

### AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews:—Aunt Busy is anxiously waiting to hear from the girls and boys about the holy pictures she mailed the first of the week. If the addresses sent to Aunt Busy were not correct, she cannot be responsible if the pictures are not received. Lovingly, AUNT BUSY.

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A Sequel to "Breaking Home Ties." Frank Carroll, the great captain of industry, was dying. Having, by sheer force of native ability, raised himself from an obscure breaker boy to a commanding figure in the world of affairs, he was wont to be very frank in his dealings with his fellow-men so when the nurse's reticence aroused his suspicions he sent for the old family physician and demanded that the truth be told.

"Well, I regret to inform you, sir," the kindly, though blunt, doctor said, "that your hours are numbered. The operation was successful, but blood poisoning has set in, destroying all hope of recovery."

With wonderful self-control the magnate, whose name was a power on Wall street, smiled grimly and prepared to face the inevitable. Though thoroughly trained in Christian truth when a boy at his mother's knee, he had learned to forget God in his mad rush for wealth and power. Having extinguished the last spark of faith in his soul by delving into the materialistic literature so prevalent in our day he had convinced himself finally that man's destiny ends with the grave. His soul was indeed a helpless, hopeless, rudderless wreck drifting aimlessly upon the dark ocean of infidelity. Yet even then there was at work a force, sweet and strong enough to soften the eternal justice of an angry God, for nothing under heaven is so potent as a mother's prayer.

The long June afternoon was drawing to a close, and during the temporary absence of the trained nurse the patient turned wearily upon his pillow to see the sun set, for, perhaps, his last time. A dreamy stillness was in the air as if God had once more blessed the beautiful earth. The western sky was ablaze with resplendent glory; a few fleecy clouds were floating in the mellow glow like fairy ships upon a golden sea—ships that soon would be dismantled wrecks stranded upon the shores of night. While the dying man watched fading from the sky the light, so like his own fast-fading life, the little children gathered in the village church and began chanting the Litany in honor of the Sacred Heart. The present was instantly forgotten, the singing of that old, familiar chant carried the dying magnate's thoughts back to the mining hamlet of Harleigh, where he had spent his happiest days. He recalled the "First Friday" devotions long ago, when he and his playmates assembled in the wayside chapel to sing the praises of the Sacred Heart and to recite the Rosary in honor of our Blessed Mother. He recalled, too, his early struggles as a breaker boy at the mines, and how the cold water made his fingers ache on the frosty winter days. He thought of his boyhood chums, many of whom, after having attained success in other fields, had returned to marry their schoolgirl sweethearts and to bear them away to city homes. He sighed at the remembrance of the noblest of them all, Father Phil, who had met death upon the western plains, a martyr to his priestly calling. He recalled his little sister, with her wealth of sisterly affection, so unlike any other love in this world. The old school days came back, days when he used to help her climb the steep hill on the way to school during the winter they lived at Drifton. He recalled the moonlit night when he parted from his sweetheart Katie, at Lattimer, little dreaming that he would never see her again in this world. Poor, gentle, trusting Katie! He had not meant to break her heart. If he had neglected to write, it was because he was busy building what he thought would be their future home. But when he returned to claim his bride and carry her off in triumph to the mansion overlooking the great metropolis, they showed him her grave in the burial ground out toward Jaynesville. The world said he was rolling in wealth, but as he stood with bowed head above that green mound he felt himself poor indeed. In all the lonely after years, during which he was surrounded by the most beautiful belles of society, his heart had remained true to its early love.

Yet his deepest, longest thought was of his dear old mother. Infidel though he was, he had never failed to send offerings for masses to his former pastor, now far, far away, for he felt that if there were a hereafter, he wanted his mother to be happy there. He recalled how she had called him to her bedside the night she died, and, laying her hand upon his head, had said: "O sweet Jesus, guide and protect my boy, now and at the hour of death!" This was the last arrow in memory's quiver, and it went straight home, dispelling the dark clouds of infidelity gathered about the dying man's soul. Overwhelmed by the awful doom which he now saw impending, the poor penitent whispered, in a voice broken with sobs: "O God, have mercy upon me a sinner!" The tired eyes closed in tears, a slight tremor shook the once powerful frame, the death dew gathered upon the white brow and the poor, shivering soul passed out into the night and into the light while the children sang "Miserere nobis, Domine!"

### THE TORN CASSECK.

Father S. was very much attached to his altar boys. Being something of an athlete himself, he was interested in their physical as well as their spiritual welfare, and, out of his private means, had furnished them the requisites for a baseball "nine." Besides this, he had every altar boy fitted out with black, as well as white, cassecks, with sashes in white for the large boys and in red for the little fellows. Naturally the boys were very proud of their appearance, as they well might be, and this is what caused the trouble.

Robert and Frank were great friends until one night at benediction, when Robert stepped on Frank's new casseck and tore it.

Going to his room that evening, Father S. heard quarreling in the yard behind the church, and on investigation found the two boys preparing for fight. After coaxing them to be friends, and

using every argument to induce them to shake hands, but without effect, at last he told them to fight it out in his presence, and he would hold the light to see that it was done fair.

Strange to say, they did not seem to approve of that plan, even when Father S. encouraged them to go ahead; and after hesitating a while, Frank held out his hand and Robert shamefacedly took it.

There was a quiet smile on the face of Father S. as the boys walked off together. Do you know why?—Sunday Companion.

### CATNIP AT THE MENAGERIE.

People who live in the country know well the herb called catnip. We have seen it produce exactly the effect described here on a pet cat that lived in the city where it could not get the plant.

Some time ago an armful of fresh catnip was picked and taken to Lincoln park to try its effect on the animals there. So far as is known, catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, so it was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it had reached the parrot's corner the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that drowned thought and made for the side of the cage, poking their beaks and claws through. When the catnip was brought near them they became nearly frantic. They were given some and devoured it, stem, leaf and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their voices.

The keeper and the catnip carrier then made for the cage of Billy, the African leopard. Before the front of his cage was reached he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den. Never was the prey of this African dweller in his wild state pounced upon more rapidly or with more absolute savage enjoyment. First Billy ate a mouthful of the catnip, then he lay flat on his back and wriggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor. Then Billy sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay the very picture of contentment.

In the tiger's cage there is a very young, but full-grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip, he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this, the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big-maned South American lion to shame. That vicious tiger and his kindly-dispositioned mate fairly revelled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into her cage. They rolled about in it and played together like six-weeks-old kittens. They mewed and purred; tossed it about, ate of it, and after getting about as liberal a dose as had Billy, the leopard, they likewise leaped to their respective shelves and blinked lazily at the sun.

The big lion, Major, was either too dignified or too lazy to pay more than passing attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful or two of it, licked his chops in a "that's not half-bad" way, and then went back to his nap. The three baby lions quarreled over their allowance, and ate it every bit.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. Alfred Harkness, professor emeritus of languages, Brown university, is dead.

This notice will be of no particular interest to the boys and girls of tender years, but to the boys and girls whose hair is turning gray and whose eyesight is such that spectacles are a help, it will appeal with great power after they have thought a bit. It may be some little time ere they can recall just who Dr. Alfred Harkness was.

Well, just travel back thirty years on the car of memory, and sit again on the scarred bench in the village "high school." Now reach into the desk in front of you and pull out a brownish book with cloth sides and a leather back. Look at the title: "Harkness' Latin Grammar."

O, now you remember! "Hic, haec, hoc!" Let's see—our Latin is almighty rusty these days—wasn't it "amo" that caused us to steal a surreptitious glance at the sunnyhaired girl just across the aisle and get a rich reward in the shape of a rosy blush as she bent a little closer to her book?

We didn't think so awfully much of "Old Harkness" in those days. No indeed! We used to think things about him that wouldn't look good in print, and if there is anything in the old saying the Harkness ears must have kept up a perpetual burning that would make a western prairie fire look like a cigar store lighter. But as we grew older and schoolday joys grew in the retrospect, we learned to appreciate Dr. Harkness at something like his real worth, and now, after a lapse of years—long and often weary years—his name is recalled by the notice of his death, and immediately memory gets busy.

### GOOD ST. MARTIN.

Canon Rowsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, come to the Supper of our Lord, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-hatched offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever!' What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air! who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their Heavenly Father!'"

### BRUTE INSTINCT.

We have lately been placed in the possession of a fact that shows how nearly allied to the reason of a man is the instinct of the brute creation. Not long since, Mrs. B., residing in one of the interior counties of Missouri, left her home on a visit to some relatives living in Henry county, in this state, bringing with her a favorite dog. On arriving in this city she missed her pet, and search and inquiry failing to elicit aught concerning him, she was compelled to continue her journey without him. Fourteen days after the lady had left her home the family were surprised at the re-appearance of "Fido," whom they thought "baying" the moon in far-off Kentucky.

Not less than 900 miles had been traversed by his dogship, and when it is remembered that he had

been brought hither by rail, and could have had no trail to lead him back to his old quarters—that the broad Ohio and the still broader Mississippi, not to mention hundreds of streams of smaller proportions, lay between him and his puppyhood's home, the journey was a remarkable one and as such must ever distinguish this "dumb brute" as a remarkable dog.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### OTTAWA CHURCH BURNED.

The Catholic church of the Sacred Heart, one of the finest edifices in the city, burned June 9. The church cost \$200,000.

Six things are requisite to create "a happy home." Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the glory of God.

### GRANDE BARRANCA.

(Continued from Page 1.)

quis, Christianized members of the fierce mountain tribe that has given, and is yet giving more trouble to the Mexican government than all the Indians of the republic.

The distance from Guaymas to the Gran Barranca is about 120 miles, and it is idle to say that through these rough mountain lands, there are no railroads, no stages, nor indeed facilities for travel save on foot or mule back. Noble and serviceable as the horse may be, no one here would dream of trusting his life to him on the steep and narrow trails of the Sierras. The small Mexican burro or donkey is as wise as a mountain goat, as sure of foot as a Rocky mountain sheep, and when left to himself will, day or night, safely carry you to the rim of the most dangerous precipices. We left Guaymas at 4 a. m. At Canoncito we met a train of loaded burros driven by men clothed in zarapes, white cotton pants and sombreros, and, like ourselves, taking advantage of the early morning and its refreshing coolness. Now and then we passed a solitary "jackal" or hut from whose door yelling curs sallied forth to dispute our right of way. We were now entering the land of the cactus, that mysterious plant so providentially protected against the hunger of bird or beast. Bristling from top to root with innumerable spines of the size and hardness of a cambric or drawing needle, the Mexican cactus is a living manifestation of a prescient, omnipotent and divine personality. From the diminutive singa, which grows in a waterless region and whose bark when chewed gives relief to the parched tongue, to the giant Sahuaro towering to the height of forty or fifty feet, and whose pulp holds gallons of water, the cactus in its 685 species or varieties is a marvel of diversity and a fascinating study for the botanist.

At 10 o'clock we halted for breakfast at the home of Signor Mathias Duran, an old and hospitable friend of Don Alonzo. Here I noticed with pleasure and edification the survival of an old Spanish greeting which has outlived the vicissitudes of time and modern innovations.

### ECHO FROM AGES OF FAITH.

Mr. Duran was standing on his veranda shouting a welcome to his friend, who, dismounting, shook hands with his host and exclaimed: "Deo gratias" (thanks be to God) and Duran, still holding his guest's hand, spoke back: "Para siempre bendito sea Dios y la siempre Virgen Maria; pase adelante, amigo mio." (Forever blessed be God and the holy Virgin Mary; come in, my friend.) To me, coming from afar, this language sounded as an echo from the Ages of Faith, and I marvelled at the colloquial piety and child-like simplicity of these cultured and valiant gentlemen. Late that afternoon we entered the tribal lands of the Yaquis and our armed escort now became somebodies and began to preen themselves on their courage and vigilance. And they were no ordinary men, these civilized Yaquis. On a long journey they would wear down any four men of the Japhetic stock. Of sensitive nostril, sharp ear and keen eye, nothing of any import passed unnoticed, and if it came to brush with Mexican "hold-ups" or mountain bandits these Indian guards could be trusted to acquit themselves as brave men.

Half of the fierce and one time numerous Yaquis were long ago converted to Christianity by Spanish priests and have conformed to the way of civilized man. They work in the mines, cultivate patches of ground and are employed on the few rancherias and haciendas to be found in Sonora. Others are in the service of the government holding positions as mail-carriers and express runners. In places almost inaccessible to man, in series hidden high up in the mountains, in cul-de-sacs of the canyons, are mining camps having each its own little postoffice. The office may be only a cigar box nailed to a post or soap box on a veranda, but once a week, or it may be only once a month, the office receives and delivers the mail. Night or day the Yaqui mail runner may come, empty the box, drop in his letters, and, like a coyote, is off again for the next camp, perhaps thirty miles across the mountains. Clad only in bullhide sandals and breechclout, the Yaqui mail bearer can outrun and distance across the rough mountain trails any horse or burro that was ever foaled. Don Alonzo tells me—and I believe him—that, before the government opened the road from Chihuahua to El Rosario, a distance of 500 Spanish miles (450 of ours) a Tarahumari Indian carried the mail regularly in six days, and after resting one day, returned to Chihuahua in the same time. The path led over mountains from 4,000 to 8,000 feet high, by the rim of deep precipices, across bridgeless streams and rivers, and through a land bristling with cacti and thorny yucca.

Nor will this extraordinary feat seem incredible to readers of The Intermountain Catholic familiar with Prescott's History of Mexico. It is recorded by the historian that two days after the landing of the Spaniards on the eastern coast of Mexico, pic-

torial drawings of the strangers, of their ships, horses, mail and weapons were delivered into the hands of Montezuma by express runners, who covered the distance from Vera Cruz to the Aztec capital—285 miles—in thirty-six hours. In that time they ascended from the ocean 8,000 feet, traversing a land broken with depressions and ravines and sown with innumerable hills, barrancas and arroyos.

Oswald Crawford

Guaymas, June 14.

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